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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[The following paragraph occurs in an account of the recent storm of the barque "Elizabeth Swift." After relating the escape of the sailors to the rocks, the account says:

The next morning, in searching for fresh water, we found an infant, six weeks old, the son of Mrs. Bailey, it had been washed upon the rocks the morning before, and had contracted many serious injuries. It was alive, and apparently sustained but little injury; we immediately carried it to the surviving ladies, to whose maternal care it owes its life.]

Oh! the wild waste roar'd and our ruin was near,
The deep waters labored with consternation,
Our mast like a reed in the tempest was bent,
And night settled dark on the ocean;
Our gear struggling back through the troubled foam
Was useless and fiercely driven;
And the waves breakers mocked through the misty gloom
While the hopes were nearly riven.

When our "plunging ship on her bosom was cast,
The wail of the stricken and dying
Was heard for awhile on the surging blast,
Then the roam of the strong men crying;
Yea, the mariner strong and the mariner weak,
That night in the mad water perish'd.
But the hearts that were faithful and true to God
The rude waves could not cherish.

What! shall we rail at the anguish and pain
That Nature with its sweets was made?
What power is mine to turn the raging main
When Heaven's wrath has arrayed
In what thunder, wandered back to the fireside heart
Whose words have been a comfort,
To the mother's joy—to the dear babe's love—
Or to a wife's fairy beauty.

What complaint for blood, what cries of despair
Were then in that fearful ocean
And what piteous shrieks the wind bore
From the howling tempest's fountain.
Do not our dead of the waters lie
With hopes in the heavenly ocean
Or the one who survives to weep for his,
But dismal in our human breasts.

At the break of morn as we walked on the shore,
We found on the sand round broken
A tender babe, where the deadening roar
Of the white waves broke endearing.
Nor the cold briny waves of the dark, dirty sea,
Or cruel winter frosts had gelled
All unconscious the while that her helm should be
Even sadly broken on them.

Her an alarming ear looked out through the grove,
And a cool wind over its sweetness,
A Providence watch'd on the unconscious bloom
Of this inopinate babe's existence.
Who that ocean rioting cool breeze
Into sweet spaces of,
In that dark one's fearful chance,
And the tongue tide of this infant preserved,
In a mystery none can believe.

WILLIAM H. WILLARD.

Newport, N. I., Dec. 3rd, 1849.

Pictures of Life.

NEW-YEAR IN THE LITTLE ROUGH-CAST HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION," OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Bear with me, dear reader, for urging my several claims to the gay holidays. Not that I pause a moment to listen, amid the grand chorus of joy, for the modest voice of the heart-monitor, the half-suppressed wail of suffering, poverty, sickness and sorrow. It is not you many, avoid your rejoicing, reproaches to enjoin this Christmas, while it comes to bring joy to all the earth, and especially to the happiness of the prosperous—Christmas, the religious, the joyous festival, which gives a respite to the sufferings of the poor. It comes at the season that music is most universally felt by those who are not into the designated the strongest points of contrast between their condition and yours. The contrast is felt in proportion to the degree of wealth and in circumstances, from your state to that of the poorest street sweeper, from the richest to the poorest of mankind. The contrast between the prosperous and the suffering brought out in peculiar strength just at this time. It augments their misfortunes—they cannot escape it—for each and the poor are constantly reminded of their poverty. Have you ever seen a poor woman walking through the crowded, lighted, and merry streets of New-York on Christmas or New-Year's Eve? Drawn by a certain fascination to gaze herself by the sight of luxuries that lured her penury, of necessaries, the marks her misery—toys, cases of confectionery, of costumes, and dress, and bijouterie, and the thousand of wealth, stimulating and tantalizing the appetite she cannot satisfy, and which only heightened cheeks, her hungry eye? If you have not, you have gone through the market with eyes so dazzled by the light, so deafened by the noisy tongues, and so intent upon the purchase of your turkey, that you have brushed and hustled past her at every turn, treading on her toes, and scarcely but who accosts you as a stranger? If not now her, you would have got a load of bread and good of butter? in her empty basket, or that her stare, and for that matter, no remonstrance. The contrast was brought out into strong relief. How do you think it felt? Let you did not feel it if you had, you would have given her a chicken for her dinner, or a little of your superfluous for your own. Have you ever seen, during the Christmas or New-Year's Eve, a little child looking wistfully, wistfully into the window of a toy or pastry cook shop, knowing that none of all these fine things are for her? I've seen any, sometimes, that to laws and constitutions are not the consequence of their misery that cannot well without them,"—and so they can; it they were not them, if they never saw the children have them; so it is, it is a privation—not the less keenly felt, because it is a mental and not a physical privation. It is the calling of the poor to bring by contrast that I wish to show. I do not wish to make you sad—not even at the expense of making others glad. I do not wish to cast a cloud over your reunions, but to smile ray of pure sunshine to gild another's cloud. I want you to remember the poor," emphatically at New-Year's time—to remember the poor, the great majority of laborers. I want you, not for the season, to forget the modest gratitude at the sight of your every expenditure. "Assembly!" it is expected at New-Year's times. It looks like a great deal of money, to make all the poor gentlemen, in a community as a whole—but divided, it is a mere trifle—to ten last. Every man and woman in good circumstances has his own or her intimate friends—acquaintances among the very poor—they can not be daily companions, or very intimate friends—but you know them. A very small donation, distributed at this season of New-Year, and the beginning of your year, would make the two or three needy acquaintances of such comfortable for the time, and equalize the enjoyments of New-Year, and soften the harshness, state the friction of the temporarily exaggerated contrast. Now that you have swallowed the pill, you shall have the lump of sugar; not that you have dosed on mild food, you shall have the wrapped eyeball; now if you have learned to the little child, you shall have

CHAPTER II.

THE THREE COTTAGES.

It is a feature in our great sprawling village of Washington City that the rich and flow of the tide of business is very great. The city, during the session of Congress, being busy as the busiest thoroughfares of New York or London, and in the recess of Congress looking as desolate as Gold-smith's Deserted Village. This influence is felt from the wholesale man-hant down to the plain double woman. All classes, from the proprietors of hotels down to the quiet lone-blowing boys, and from the positive down to the President, are over-worked during the session of Congress, and have very little to do in the interval. But several years ago there was a small country at called Washington with a plenty of gold and nothing else—with the benevolent intention of patronizing our city by buying everything that merchandise, we city and literally drove:

And the home breakers mocked through the misty gloom
While the hopes were nearly riven.

Well! Mrs. Lee, who had come, before the session, which our dress-makers, &c., had got out from the Eastern cities, in expectation of their ordeals. Well! Mrs. Lee, who had been long compelled an unreasonable amount of shopping, and was sore at her wife's and fair's pertinacity, make at leisure to make up her splendid ration and calendar for the season. Well! Christmas-day was to come on and come off on Friday evening—to be followed on Saturday evening by a ball at Mrs. Lee's. Well! the ball was to be given in honor of the Hon. Mr. Sandford, of Georgia, and having everything made up by our milliners, marble-makers and confectioners—and—perhaps, as there is a dearth of intelligence in all things connected with the Capitol, the Hon. Mr. Sandford, which our dress-makers, &c., had got

Original Lectures.

MR. DANA'S LECTURES.

WOMAN,

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE CHARACTER OF DESDEMONA.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAT. EVENING POST.

LECTURE IV.

Mr. Dana commenced his Address by briefly reviewing his previous lectures, in which he spoke of the distinctive attributes of the sexes—and of those peculiar to woman. His object was, to show the propriety and resulting happiness in mankind, of her not assuming the duties and attributes of man, but, on the contrary, keeping within her own sphere of grace and tenderness. Some might be of opinion, that his views on this important subject were narrow and prejudiced—that he wished to keep what, in modern phrase, was called the "Rights of Woman." No. Such was not his theory, but he certainly desired to show that the rights of woman were not identical with the peculiar duties and privileges of man. And he thought that many who had heard him, responded to his remarks and sentiments, with an internal conviction and sympathy, which made them say to themselves,—"This is true—*that is true*—*all* is true." Woman, as presented in the old drama, was not merely a fiction—what had she, for the creation of her part, to do with the real life? In contemplating women, we must remember that in the old dramatists we regarded her not in what had been termed the dark and corrupted period of history—though, in many respects, heroism characterized that period more than it does the modern and more artificial times. In true poetry there is a community of spirit—dependent on certain principles and feelings of our nature. If it were not so, through what elective chain did we take delight in it—that we should consider it into our nature, as to change our ordinary life to beauty. It is a superficial philosophy that makes the poet's work a neglected office—for he does more than combine, or refine, creatures and creatures. While he idealizes man, he shows him what he might have been but for the fall—or what he might be, now that he is redeemed. Such are creative faculties, and the poet feels a strong instinctive desire to exercise them. The poetry and feelings, though often allied, are not synonymous. Still, there is some realization in the poet's potentiality. He had been in some persons state—the poetical feeling back into the actual. The poet may go back to the past, for what had been to the actual—he will betray a yearning for those times—still the atmosphere in which he lived and moved and had his being, is permeated by the air of the present world, and is the actual. Was it not partly the case with the old poets? There is no reason in which the dramatic poet may be considered as the truest historian of his times—as of the spirit of his times—not the exact incidents and persons, yet, in the creations of the mind, something by extraneous influences on the dramatist poet could have, to the workings of his imagination, not only namely the prominent events, but the manners, customs, feelings and emotions of his age. These predictions resembled what existed in the outer world,—they were like it, yet not it—a likeness yet a shadow. The truth of our old dramatists was truly a poetic age—it was a natural and not an artificial age, and needed no poetic critic's self-assertion to enforce its opinions. Poetry absorbed from all around it, all it needed —which it then spiritualized. In blaming the old dramatists for faults, and praising them for excellences, we seemed to forget that they were merely the faults or excellences of the time in which they lived. The women of the drama of Elizabeth's reign, as embodied by the poet, doubtless the women of that age. The poet combined them from the reflection around him—it was, with him, the gradual unfolding of a dependent principle—an embodiment of the real. Shakespeare's women were so witty, so feminine, so eminently playful, that we felt, as the poet must have felt, a conviction that man something more than mere clay, an assembly of bloodpoints. That age is very self-conscious, and seems to think that real women could not have been as Shakspeare paints her—as gentle and queen-like—their breath rising like incense into the air. Yet there were such women—though here and there we heard some of the pretensions, even from his most refined female character, mingled too, with the highest delicacy of sentiment; but this concession should be ascribed to the age, while the beauty was to the poet, and but this concession, or rather the mental principle that produced it, was not peculiar to those ages—the essence of that conciseness still lived and lived among us and within us—it might change its form and development—but the fey nut was only covered with pearl and purity—the concession within remained the same. However great-looking might vanish over corruption, still it was corruption, and we should not recognize any resistance of truth in the proverb that "true will-out; gruesome loses half its evil." There were things in the world more favorable to the play of the emotions than others—and there were times, yet of deep feeling, full of living variety—every thing existing perceptionally rather than physiologically—for the mind. And here the lecturer quoted from the introduction

> Oh! ye sons of earth!—let us adore you!

Such times were at least as favorable to religion as that philosophy which established Nature—which calculated the head but let the heart unbreathed. It is not conducive to moving exile, we also saw grace moving lightly by its side. In these ages there was a spirit of reverence in the world at large—then new laws and spirit—new man was filled with reverence in spirit for that which he received. The old dramatists must have found a race of their own—their women seemed as if they really lived—however it may differ from that of our own age—and however deep the source from which the poetry may spring, or however high it may project, it lies in nature in our hearts—in our being. For the want of looking into the psychology of the person in our old dramas, we lose the actual—for the poet only re-united the actual to the ideal of the women as they seemed. The strange commingling of contraries or earthly mould and more ethereal mood, seeming incongruity of nature, was only to be explained by Nature herself—there may in some persons be more of external alteration than of outward exclusions—the shape moulded by the accents of place and time—the spirit over the same. Fashion and custom were ever making formal incursions into the world, and sometimes with a most insane sort of anxiety may be merged—yet how smooth enough with the current of good breeding and ease in the drama, where we had heard

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1850.

CALIFORNIA.

We published the news by the Empire City from California, in a large portion of our edition last week. We have given a summary of it, for the benefit of those whose papers were sent off before it came to hand.

The Empire City brought half a million of gold. Great numbers were at Panama, by the last accounts, waiting for passage. The facilities for reaching the mines had been increased by the new steamer on the Sacramento River, which makes its trip to and from San Francisco in Sacramento City in less than forty-eight hours. All the overland emigration had reached California, and the addition of so vast a number of persons had raised the prices of provisions again very high. The most interesting intelligence is that the State Constitution had been adopted almost unanimously by the people at the election on the 13th inst. The State officers elected are believed to be Peter H. Burnett, Governor; John McDougal, Lieutenant, both of the Democratic party, which will also, it is supposed, have a majority of the Legislature, and elect Col. Fremont and Mr. Gwin, formerly members of Congress, to the two sinecure, United States Senators to Congress. Col. Sutter was on the 6 Pacific ticket for Governor, which was generally supported by the Whigs. Robinson M. Price and J. W. Wright have probably been elected Representatives in Congress.

DEFALCATION.

Prosper M. Wetmore, late U. S. Navy Agent at New York, is accused of being a defaulter to the amount of $1,200,000. We hope that fact, and says that he will pay any rightful balance against him. Said balance cannot exceed one hundred thousand dollars.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MEETING OF WOMEN.

A Public Meeting of the Women assembling *for the refreshment, employment, and entertainment of the Members of Congress*, will be held at the Lecture Room of the Museum, entrance on George Street, on Tuesday evening the 8th of January 1850, at 8 o'clock. Women of all denominations are invited to attend, and become acquainted with the proceedings of the Society. It is no sectarian movement. Wherever enthusiasm Woman can be raised from her apathy, and Christian Women should be ready and willing to extend the aid and sympathy of their sex, to store them in their own culture, or that of others, and enable them to monetize the gains of meritorious and respectability.

Handkerchiefs are informed, that in consequence of the sudden appointment of Thomas Price, Esq. to the office of Secretary of Legation at Vienna, and the Secretary, a year, opened a Intelligence Office at the Museum No. 104 North Eighth Street, and during the past period, that he has procured situations for all acquainted with the proceedings of the Society. It is no sectarian movement. Wherever enthusiasm Woman can be raised from her apathy, and Christian Women should be ready and willing to extend the aid and sympathy of their sex, to store them in their own culture, or that of others, and enable them to monetize the gains of meritorious and respectability.

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Mr. Winthrop would only say a single word. Mr. Giddings has represented him as against the Mr. Giddings has represented him as against the Mr. Giddings has represented him as against the

Selected Poetry.

DEDICATION
TO THE NEW VOLUME OF POEMS
BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

"As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears onward where his way seems as it darkens,
And seeking not the cause from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and listens;
So pausing here in twilight, O my friends!
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each ends
His words of friendship, comfort, and remembrance.

"If any footsteps of mine, or song or toil,
Have ever given you aught of inspiration,
Or any human soul such a boon craved,
Be here enjoyed one hour, a thousand fold,
By every friend who hears me or pictured there!

"Pardon me each, I never shall feel ill,
Will eye of sense, your outward form and semblance!
Therefore to me to sense will grow old,
But live for ever young in my remembrance

"Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away!
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,
When life's graves have and invaded with decay!
As through a hidden landscape flows a river.

"Not chaos of both—nor has made its friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
But the whole race of humankind intends
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

"Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
Sheltered and sunny where it is secluded,
Not interrupting with intrusive talk
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

"Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the leaves are falling,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unnoticed and unknown."

From New Works.

MAHOMET:
HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Mahomet, according to accounts, handed down by tradition from his contemporaries, was of the middle stature, square built and strong, with large hands and feet. In his youth he was uncommonly strong and vigorous; in the latter part of his life he inclined to corpulency. His head was capacious, well shaped and small set on a neck which rose like a pillar from his ample chest. His forehead was high, broad at the temples, and crossed by veins extending down to the eyebrows, which swelled wonderful he was angry or excited. He had an aquiline nose, and large expressive features, an opaline nose, black eyes, arched eyebrows which extended across the whole space, flexible, indicative of eloquence, very white teeth, somewhat parted and irregular; black hair which was not without a curl on his shoulders; a beard full and very full beard.

His complexion, in general, was ruin and sunable; he sometimes indulged in pleasantry, but more commonly was grave and dignified, though he is said to have possessed a mode of captivating sweetness. His complexion was more ruddy than is usual with Arabs, and in his excited and enthusiastic moments there was a glow and radiance in his countenance, which the disciples imagined into the supernatural light of prophecy.

His intellectual qualities were undoubtedly of an extraordinary kind. He had a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, a vivid imagination, and an inventive genius. During half little is authentic, he had quickened an inherited ha mind by close observation, and stored it with a great variety of knowledge concerning the systems of religion current in his day, as handed down by tradition from antiquity. His ordinary discourse was grave and sententious, abounding with those aphorisms and apologues so popular among the Arabs; at times he was excited and eloquent, and his eloquence was aided by a voice musical and sonorous.

He was sober and abstemious in his diet, and a rigorous observer of facts. He indulged in no magnificence of apparel, the ostentation of a petty mind; neither was his simplicity in dress affected, but the result of a taste disposed to the distinction from an extreme. His garments were sometimes of wool; sometimes of the striped cotton of Yemen, and were often patched. He wore a turban, for he said turbans were worn by the angels; and in arranging it he let one end hang down between his shoulders, which he said was the way they wore it. He forbade the wearing of clothes entirely of silk, but permitted a mixture of thread with silk. He forbade also red clothes and the use of gold rings. He wore a seal ring of silver, the engraved part under his finger close to the palm of his hand, bearing the inscription, "Mahomet, the messenger of God." He was scrupulous not to pronounce conclusions, and observed frequent ablutions. In some respects he was a voluptuary. "There are two things in this world," would he say, "which delight me, women and perfumes. Those two things rejoice my eyes, and render more fervent my devotions." From his extreme cleanliness, and the use of perfumes and of tooth-stick, he was said to be remarkably scent that sweetness and fragrance of person, which his disciples considered innate and miraculous. His persons for the use had no influence over all his efforts. It is said that when on the pinnacle of his fortune, he was continually smoothing his beard and adjusting his hair, as if desirous to appear to advantage.

The number of his wives is uncertain. Abulfeda, who writes with more caution than others of the Arabian authorities, limits it to fifteen, though some make it as much as twenty-four. At the time of his death he had nine, each in her separate dwelling, all in the vicinity of the mosque at Medina. The plan alleged for indulging in a greater number of wives than is permitted to his followers, was a desire to beget a race of prophets for his people. If children were born to his wives, it was disappointed. Of all his children, Fatima, the wife of Ali, alone survived him, and she died within a short time after his death. Of her descendants, none excepting her eldest son Hassan ever sat on the throne of the Caliphs.

In his private dealings he was just. He treated friends and strangers, the rich and poor, the powerful and the weak, with equity, and was related by the common people for his affability with which he received them, and listened to their complaints.

He was naturally irritable, but brought his temper under great control, so that even in the self-indulgent intercourse of domestic life he was kind and tolerant. "I married him from the time I was eight years old," said his servant Anas, "and he never scolded me for any thing, though things were spoiled by me."

The question now occurs, was the imposition glaring and premeditated, or has been represented? Were all his visions and revelations deliberate falsehoods, and was his whole system a tissue of deceit? In considering this question, we first bear in mind that he is not chargeable with many extravagancies which exist in his name. Many of the visions and revelations handed down as having been given to him are monstrous. The whole is inscribed in him are all fabrications of Moslem zealots. He expressly and repeatedly declared all miracles excepting the former, which, considering its incomparable merit, and the way in which it had come down to him from Heaven, he pronounced the greatest of miracles. And here we must indulge a little digression in this famous document. While zealous Moslems assume of the most eminent authors on the Arabian dark ages of the divine origin of the Koran, the acute sagacity of Gibbon has detected and pointed out many of its gross contradictions, its incongruities of style and composition, and the several different hands of Mahomet from which parts were pronounced of a class of treatises and authors, without method or arrangement; full of obscurities, incoherencies, repetitions, false revelations of Scriptural stories, and direct contradictions. The truth is, that the Koran, or at least a part of it, is the same Koran delivered by Mahomet to his disciples. The subsequent additions, corruptions and interpolations. The revelations confirmed at different times, and on various occasions, and before various persons, sometimes they were taken down by an secretary or disciples on parchment, on palm leaves, or shoulder-blades of sheep, and thrown together in a chest, or trunk, one of his wives charged with the custody. Here they were merely transcribed up in the memories of those who heard them. No care appears to have been taken to systematize and arrange them during his life; and of no doubt they remained in scattered fragments, many of them at the mercy of fallacious memories. It was not until several years after his death, that Abu Bekar undertook to have them gathered together and transcribed. Zeid Ibn Thabet, who had been one of the secretaries of Mahomet, was employed for the purpose. He professed to know many parts of the Koran by heart, having written them down under the direction of the prophet. After parts he collected, some many from various sheets, written down in the rude way we have mentioned, by various disciples who professed to have heard them uttered by the prophet himself. The heterogeneous fragments thus collected were thrown together without selection, without chronological order, and without system of any kind. The volume thus formed received the name of Alcoran, was transcribed by different hands, and many professed copies put in circulation and dispersed throughout the Moslem cities. So many errors, interpolations, and omissions occurred, that soon crept into these copies, that Othman, the third Caliph, called in the various manuscripts, and causing a just be examined by a committee, caused all the others to be destroyed.

* * *

If we are far from considering Mahomet the gross and impudent impostor that some have represented him, we also are unfavorable to give him credit for that vast forecast, and for that deeply reticular knowledge of universal character which have been ascribed to him. He was, undoubtedly, a man of great genius and of a sagacious penetration, but it appears in us that he was, in a great degree, the creature of impulse and excitement, and was led from day to day by circumstances. His schemes grew out of his fortunes, and not his fortunes out of his schemes. He was forty years of age before he first broached his doctrines. He had a rich grandfather, being wealthy, wealthy, that one who had only a rich father. In England, as is well known, it is just the contrary; the latter is considered a man of the more his means, and having a wealthy merchant he had sunk to be a land merchant. When he reached Medina he had no idea of the power that awaited him; his only object was to found a temple for suggestive religion, might preach, and his only hope that he might be allowed to preach with impunity. When power suddenly fell upon him, he used it for a time in petty forays and local feuds. His military plans required much time to mature, and were often disconcerted by accidents. His civil regulations grew gradually with the circumstances that required them. They were not struck out with the heat of an inventor, but put into progress the nearly development which self-intelligence has accredited.

* * *

[illegible] Mr. Jefferson was asked respecting Bonaparte, and he answered that he could not find out myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been innocent and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

Wit and Humor.

ACCOUNTING FOR THE SALE OF THE SEAL.—There is a pleasant story in Dumas' happy natural way, as he is apt to be in "Caucasus" A dispute once was held under the presidence of the Marquis Antoine, on the causes of the success of the Arabs. No theory proved acceptable to the majority. A certain Signor Perelli, (not our Perelli,) asked leave to offer his explanation, which was accepted as recorded.

"I appear to me," said the Signor, "that you are very wide of the mark: the cause is no mysterious one, if you would but look at it with common sense."

"Certainly, certainly, Signor Perelli."

"Why, then, I say that the Signor Perelli, to use a single question."

"Is the seal, Signor Perelli."

"Very well," said Signor Perelli, "does not astronomy tell us that the earth is a globe, and that it is distributed in nearly all seas, and in vast quantities?"

"There is not a doubt of it, Signor Perelli."

"Very well, then," pursued the Signor Perelli, "what more natural inquiry?"

"Why is not so," said the Marquis Ardin, "if at all, it is not natural to the Arabs."

And the discovery was entered on the records.

FRENCH OPINION MISCONCEIVED.—Half a century ago, there lived in England a Sir Sidebottom, the owner of a large estate, and a large family. One of the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, overtook the unfortunate Sir Sidebottom. His Doctor lived on a splendid palace called Sidebottom Hall, and his family, and his estate, and his title, surrounded with grounds in which nature and art went in one at outvieing each other. He rode in a splendid carriage drawn by four horses, and was adorned on the panels with his coat of arms (which was granted to the Doctor in one act) that he was not to a man who stepped up to the carriage, and with an awkward bolting of the door in stopping of the foot, inquired of Sir Sidebottom himself, "Is this Dr. Sidebottom?" "Yes!" "Well, then, I suppose you are the owner of this?" "Well, I am proud of it." "Ah! then take it all together you've got a pretty good thing of it, haven't you?" "Yes, sir, I think myself pretty well off." "Well, then, I'll be bound, was complacent; but nothing himself. The last was the only one that he was in his eye speculated a front of most entire, and he was in close acquaintance with the complete ale and gone before him.

It is difficult to pronounce such acutest, pronounced, and so far from the mark, as this. Yet, with some importance, not such pure and elevated and humorous prosperity as are contained in the Bible, with a most beautiful by gentle patience, and endurance in the great calamities of human life, and we find no other satisfactory mode of solving the enigma of his character and conduct, but by supposing him to be the dupe of his own imposture which flashed upon his enthusiastic spirit in the religious excitement of the circumstances of Mount Hara, continued more or less to the end of his career, and that he died in the belief of his mission as a prophet.

Miscellaneous.

SHEEP AND WOLVES.

—Strange that wolves persecute sheep so every where!" said Hardcut, with a sagacious shake of the head. "Strange that sheep don't know it! Strange that the sheep must be aware of it, and dread their enemies!"

"Don't suppose that," observed Stevenson; "strange to say that the thing is originally the reverse. I have frequently observed it myself, and well. When I removed to an unsettled district, I found the sheep confounding, but in a few times the case, I have not lost a single sheep for them would be, themselves, sometimes come within the whole first year, and that surprised me the more, as I had been told that the wolves frequented tracts of wolves. At a subsequent period, I was more accidentally witness to the cause of these being so strangely conducted. I had already been sheltered to me by various circumstances. I have frequently observed the wolf in the young sole, or else was not so well sheltered in the sheep-walk, and that I had not the full advantage of all difficulties. No bad results could arise from the sheep, and I was safe.

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THE SCHISM PUNCH.—A political editor, speaking of the tenacity with which an adversary clings to his opinions, and of the impossibility of a person good old lady or Bridgewater, who, on seeing a religious controversy with a neighbor who was then dwelling on the subject, and was wrong with the wrong side, or else was not so well skilled in the matter, was charged by the other with being one proof other another; until at last there was no one left to take part with him. "Why, Mrs. Jones," said one, "surely up by majority." "Majority!" said she, wrought up by majority, you may look to me till doomsday, and I'll never be in the majority. I'll cling to that last as long as I live."

THE TURTLE.—A good story is told as an English paper of a turtle. A gentleman dining with two lately purchased stood out at his guest to help himself to a piece of it; and the knight of the hammer was pausing for a choice beyond that the cushion, when the former, impatiently thrusted, began to, testily, "Come, come, parson, never stand to pick and choose, but take what you can get." "Why, sir," replied the parson, "I am not in the habit of eating turtle, and I was not aware that I had any right to help myself." "Right!" exclaimed the host, "why, I'll be bound you have had more than your share already." "Indeed, sir," said the parson, "I am not aware of it." "Why, then," said the host, "